



THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
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RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Dollar a square, (eight lines of type) per month, except under conditions that will warrant a reduction or justify an advance.
Charges on Local Advertisements due on the day following the issue of the paper.

LIGHT THROUGH THE STORM CLOUD.

BY SPERANZA (LADY WILDE).

What will ye? the dyes are broken, the Ocean is pouring in,
With thunder of tempests waking the World from its sleep of sin;
Can our frail hands stay the torrent by piling up sand,
On sand that will sink beneath the waves, foaming and dashing on land;
To stop the wild leap of the waves, foaming and dashing on land;
Obedient, temple, and tower, Emperor, noble, and priest,
Fall and the havoc and ruin, while Death sits Lord at the feast;
The idols of clay are scattered, they sink in unbroken graves,
But a deathless Cause moves on with the march of the living waves.
Gather your cannon and armies—loud the Alarm-bell rings—
For the waves are surging around the golden Thrones of the Kings.
There were glories of purple raiment, diamonded brows in the Hall,
But the people were weeping outside, low crouched at the Palace wall;
Yah pomp and luxurious pride sat throne in their golden state,
While the People gathered outside the crumbs stung out the Gate;
There were pitiful cries from depths of woe and ruin and death,
And tears of the prison-cell flowing down upon martyr's graves;
These were children blighted by famine waiting the time to die,
Each was fed by a glare as the lamps of Pleasure flashed by.

Misery, hunger, and rage lay huddled in hovels and holes,
With the brand of a reckless despair stamped deep upon ruined souls;
But the hour of Judgment has come, the Slaves arise from their lair,
They seize the banner of Freedom and fling out its folds on air;
They stamp down the chains that fettered, traditions of ages and years
That crushed the soul of the poor, made coward by servile fears;
For the voice of the Lord is heard in the terrible trumpet blast,
Proclaiming to Earth and Heaven, the reign of injustice hath passed!

Can we fight against God, if so the hand of the Lord, indeed,
Hath taken the crown from the head and broken the sceptre-reed;
Brand the tools he has chosen as Communist, Socialist, Red,
Say, each brow is stained with a crime, each hand with the life-blood shed;
Yet, they are doing His bidding, while thunders the awful voice—
The Past and the Present are doomed, but let the Future rejoice.
God redeems the pledge that He gave, when Paradise rivers ran—
"All Earth with its fulness and glory I gave as a gift to Man."

Oh, Freedom! come forth in power, yet not with a lawless hate,
But grave and grand as Teacher and Saviour of People and State;
Rebels with light as a garment, and crowned with the Olive of Peace,
Strong to stem the wild waters and bid the fierce tempest cease.
Come, like dawn of the morning splendor, making the pulse beat high,
Come, with the softness of evening to the calm of a summer sky;
Come in thy Angel beauty to strike off the fetters of man,
And write on the Tablet of Ages thy name—
REDEMPTION!

BELL-FOUNDING IN IRELAND.—We have much pleasure in recording the fact that the largest bell ever cast in Ireland has been completed in the foundry of the Messrs. Thomas Sheridan & Co., Church-street, in this city, and would recommend all lovers of beautiful native workmanship to visit the establishment and see the bell before its removal for erection at Roche's Point, Cork Harbor. The subject of fog signals for this, perhaps one of the finest harbors in the world, has long been before the public, and in common with other objects of utility for Ireland, has had as much delay as red-tape could reasonably give to it; but it is gratifying to know that the moment the Commissioners of Irish Lights succeeded in overcoming official routine, they commissioned Messrs. Sheridan & Co. to cast a bell, from the designs of the engineer, that would be not only an instrument of great practical utility, but, as the event has shown, a specimen of meritorious workmanship. The bell was tested by John B. Sloane, Esq., M. Inst. C.E.I., the engineer to the Commissioners of Irish Lights, who accompanied by their worthy secretary, William Lee, Esq., whose musical taste is well known, pronounced the note to be B flat. These gentlemen expressed their approval in the highest terms, and to these we may add that it is seldom a casting of such magnitude has turned out so truly correct, almost as if it were fresh from some gigantic anvil. It weighs three tons.—*Irish Builder.*

IRISH NEWS.

The Government have included clauses in the new Public Health Bill, empowering harbour sanitary authorities in Ireland to purchase by compulsory sites for hospitals on land, and also enabling local boards to borrow money from the Public Works Commissioners for long terms of years at 3½ per cent per annum, so that the 23d clause places Ireland, as regards borrowing powers for sanitary purposes, in precisely the same position as England. The days of five per cent are numbered, and 3½ takes its place, while the period of instalment repayment is extended from 25 to 30, or should the local authorities please 50 years. Corporations and commissioners, whether Municipal or township will appreciate this boon should the bill become law.

The Idea of extending the Licensing Bill to Ireland by clause, has been abandoned in favour of a separate bill on the subject for this country.

During a recent low tide at Tramore, Edward Kelly picked up three rusted over muskets belonging to the ill-fated Sea Horse, wrecked in that bay in 1816.

There was a meeting of the Belle Memorial Committee at the Marlborough House on Saturday, the 16th.

We (Limerick Reporter) are informed that the contract for the Waterloo and Limerick Railway has been taken by an English company.

Several small tenants of Church lands in Munster have taken out conveyances under the Commission of Church Temporalities, by which after the lapse of some years, they are secure in the fee simple of their tenements, by paying the purchase money, in convenient yearly instalments.

Mr. P. J. Smith, M. P., has written another letter in defence of the attitude he has taken up towards the Home Rule movement. He states that when he said at the Conference that it was the will of the nation to accept the Federal programme, he would go with the nation, he had reason to assume that the voice of the Conference was the voice of the country. He states he knows for positive certainty that it was not the voice of the country. The present line, he considered, would be fatal, for all the impracticable schemes which human ingenuity could invent, he regards the Conference programme as the most impracticable.

Mr. Lightship to be placed on Danu's Rock, on the first of June, was towed into Cork Harbor on Tuesday 10th ult., from Dublin, by the Trinity steamer Princess Alexandra, and moored to one of the Government buoys, off the Railway station.

THE MAGISTRATE.—James Thomas Reardon, Esq., of Hallincurry House, Douglas, was on Saturday, the 16th ult., sworn in as magistrate for the County of Cork before John S. Macleod, Esq., B. M.

An open-air meeting of workmen was held in the vacant ground adjoining Agnes Street, Belfast. There were about 2,000 persons present.

Tax mail express, conveying English mails and four persons, left Dublin on the 7th ult., for Kingstown, and while going at full speed quitted the rails at Blackrock. The engine tore up the rails for fifty yards, and crushed the sleepers, and stopped the traffic for hours. Both the tax carriages were broken, one of them being thrown on its side. The guard, letter-sorter, and stoker escaped with slight injuries, but the driver received a serious injury on the leg, and had to be conveyed to the hospital. But for the accidental delay of the seven o'clock train from Kingstown to Dublin a fearful catastrophe would have occurred, as it was due at the place of the accident at the minute of the occurrence. It was fortunately two minutes late. The mails were scattered about the line, and were brought to the Holyhead boat by the train which left Kingstown, it having to back in Holyhead. The boat started an hour late. Considerable excitement was caused.

PETITIONS against Mr. Newdegate's Convent Bill were presented on the 10th ult., to Parliament by Mr. McCarthy, Ewing, from Skibbereen, Clonakilty, Timoleague, Roscrea, and several other places in the County Cork; by Mr. Shaw from Passage West, Conna, Ballynoe, Glengour, Killeagh, Castlelyons, Carrigrohilly, Glenworth, Macroom, and several other places in the same county; and by Major O'Reilly from Lismore.

The Lords Commissioners for the custody of the Great Seal of Ireland, to wit, Sir Joseph Napier, Master Brooke, and Mr. Justice Lawson, are keeping a sharp eye on magistrates who do not deem it inconsistent with the strict fulfilment of their official duties to advocate Home Rule.

At Castlebar, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed on the announcement that the election was null and void. The feeling towards Mr. O'Connor Power is intense, and everything seems to be done to forward his candidature.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has recommended to the Queen that Lord Clonaboy be appointed her Majesty's Lieutenant in and for the County of Galway.

A mandate has been issued by the Pope, concerning a synod to be held at Dublin, to consider the condition of the Catholics in Ireland. The mandate has caused some excitement.

On the 10th ult. a young man named Matthew Reid, about thirty years of age, was accidentally killed at a public house in Dublin, about

EASTERN NEWS.

The Tribune says Wall street is about to have another litigation sensation, growing out of stock and monetary transactions between John Stewart and Commodore Vanderbilt.

The opinion of the Republican members of the House seems to be almost unanimously against the policy recommended by the President in the recently-published memorandum.

A tornado struck the village of Tampico, in Wides County, Ill., about 11 o'clock Sunday night, demolishing twenty-one dwellings and two elevators, and damaged more or less every building in the place. Wonderful to relate, there was no loss of life, though a number were seriously, and one or two it is feared fatally, injured.

The steamer Emily La Barge, sunk in the Missouri River on the 6th, near Providence. She cannot be raised. She was valued at \$30,000; insurance, \$20,000.

KENDRICK, of Nevada, made an argument before the Senate Railroad Committee on the 7th inst. regarding the bill to subject Pacific Railroad lands to local taxation.

Five members of the Fire Department at Wilkesbarre, Pa., have been arrested on suspicion of incendiarism, and have confessed to burning nearly all the property consumed since the great fire of 1871 amounting to over a million dollars.

An explosion in a mining shaft at Nanti coke, Pa., on the 7th burned three miners to death. The breaker was destroyed. Seven men, while fighting the fire, were overcome with gas, and were carried home, two died. A falling beam killed William Yivian.

The President has signed the bill for Nevada and Oregon.

The Senate has passed the bill fixing the time for holding Federal Circuit Courts in California, Nevada and Oregon.

The Conference Committee on the Currency bill held a three hours' session, without reaching a conclusion.

The President has signed the Act to amend the Act to promote the development of the mineral resources of the United States.

The Pacific Mail steamship Granada arrived at Yokohama on the 7th from San Francisco, beating the Vasco de Gama six hours. Both vessels had heavy weather and head winds the entire passage.

A hurricane at Kemperville on the 7th unroofed and demolished a number of houses, destroyed much property, and injured several persons.

The Senate Committee on Territories have agreed, after further examination of the charges against General McCook, to again report in favor of his re-nomination for Governor of Colorado.

The New York Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee to go to Washington and secure the passage of the so-called Mokey bill.

One speaker said if the bill was not passed there would be indiscriminate seizure of books and papers of merchants immediately on the adjournment of Congress.

Governor Kellogg of Louisiana telegraphs to Secretary Belknap that the suffering, except on the Mississippi banks, is unabated, and asks that 20,000 daily rations be ordered from the first appropriations that the people are in danger of starvation without this.

The dams gave away at East Worcester on the 7th carrying off a number of houses and barns. No lives lost.

The New York, Oswego and Midland Railroad Company was adjudged bankrupt yesterday.

The President has signed the bill to extend the time for making applications on claims against the Government.

One coach of an excursion train jumped the track at Lebanon Hollow N.Y. on the 6th, and thirty persons were injured or less severely injured.

A mine at Crawfordville, Ind., on the 8th destroyed property to the value of \$30,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Standard's Paris correspondent says the manifesto of the Left Centre calling for the declaration of a definitive Republic or a dissolution of the Assembly, has caused the greatest sensation since the overthrow of Thiers. It is generally thought that its effect will be to hasten the day of dissolution, and will not improve the prospect for the establishment of a regular Government. The Conservatives are dismayed.

DON CARLOS has issued a decree authorizing the provinces now occupied by his forces to elect members of a council to attend him personally in Spain.

CARLISTS are concentrating at Tudela to save Estella, and Concha is marching to attack them.

THE GAZETTE publishes a circular addressed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Diplomatic Representatives of Spain. It promises the reestablishment of peace in Spain and Cuba, and that when the present exceptional condition of affairs is terminated, the complete establishment of Republican institutions will become a guarantee of moral order.

THE COMMUNISTS of London will tender Rochefort a banquet on his arrival in England.

SENOR VEGA ARRIAS has accepted the appointment of Spanish Ambassador to France.

A man named Drake, a bricklayer, residing in a small street leading off the Burdett-road, in the East end of London, "murdered" all his family, consisting of his wife and four children on the 18th ult. whilst they were asleep, and afterwards committed suicide.

The feeling at Versailles is gloomy; 125 Deputies have signed the proposal for a dissolution, and 195 more signatures are expected from the Left Centre. A motion for dissolution will be presented at the earliest opportunity. The Left Centre are determined to have a settlement of the question of a Republic or dissolution before the August adjournment.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS to discuss measures to prevent the spread of cholera and to establish quarantine regulations met at Vienna to-day. All the European countries will be represented.

The steamer Faraday has laid all her cable. There are no tidings yet of the cable steamer Ambassador. A London dispatch says she did not leave London till the 2d of June.

DISASTERS says that no less than seventeen bills of domestic importance are to come before Parliament, and he urges members to be diligent, to avert a protracted session.

A letter from Rome states that the priests say the Catholic Church has gained more during the past two centuries in America than it has lost in all other countries. A primary step has been taken towards the beatification of Christopher Columbus. The claim is founded on the inspiration that led him to discover the New World.

A dispatch says the wet season has begun in British India.

The insurrection at Fez has been quelled. The Sultan's troops on the 18th ult. opened a heavy cannonade on the town and kept it up for several hours. Many houses and stores were burned. The troops afterward entered and sacked a portion of the town. Ninety inhabitants were killed; the loss of troops was trifling. The insurgents gave up the fight and submitted, and the Sultan has granted an amnesty.

The French papers publish a letter written by the Bishop of Langres upon the massacre of Christians at Tong-King China. The Bishop says that with his mission there were eighty thousand Christians, but that ten thousand have been strangled, burned or drowned, and he adds that he has no hope of escaping a martyr's doom himself. This startling communication bears no date, but is generally credited in France.

The Times of the 9th, in an editorial article commenting on the communication recently sent to various Powers by the Spanish Government, says that with his mission there were eighty thousand Christians, but that ten thousand have been strangled, burned or drowned, and he adds that he has no hope of escaping a martyr's doom himself. This startling communication bears no date, but is generally credited in France.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 13, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despicable name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and beliefs; it would apply to the walls of every house, and our pictures speak the words of every heart. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep over with their ships and their navy, the best of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor. The independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"

JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 25th, 1863.

"We have some delinquent subscribers, who, we are convinced, only wait to be reminded. We would urge on all our friends who are in arrears that it is impossible to publish a paper on credit, and that we must rely on their promptitude to meet our heavy expenses. We are anxious to make the IRISH NATIONALIST the best Irish paper in America, and if all our subscribers were prompt we should be able to do so. The amounts in each individual case may seem ridiculously small, but collectively they publish the paper."

TO OUR READERS.

It shall be our constant aim to make this the best Irish paper published in America. To do this we have made arrangements which involve great expense, to meet which we rely on the aid of every Irishman in America who desires to see Ireland free, and the Irish race in America elevated to a position which they are entitled to occupy.

We earnestly urge on those of our country subscribers who are delinquent to forward their subscriptions at once to this office, and to urge on their friends of Irish birth and sympathy to subscribe.

Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feeling, and solely devoted to advancing the cause of an independent Republic on Irish soil.

Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the IRISH NATIONALIST addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States, is 20c. per annum, or 5c. per quarter PAYABLE IN ADVANCE at the Post Office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

THOMAS DUGGAN, Graniteville, Nevada county, is authorized to act as agent for the IRISH NATIONALIST. We hope the friends of Irish Independence will aid him in procuring subscribers, and thereby aid that cause.

Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact, so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

We are now approaching one of the most important anniversaries of the world's history—that of the Declaration of American Independence. It is now nearly one hundred years ago, since that devoted band of patriots, with him who has been well called "The Father of his Country," at their head, having conducted what was at first regarded as a hopeless struggle for seven years, through toil and hardship, to a successful conclusion, issued that famous Declaration. If those men could see to-day that country which they founded in doubt and trial! A nation of forty million people, uniting under its broad flag representatives of every nationality, the premier Republic of the world, before which the effete monarchies of Europe sink into insignificance. Since then the resources of this mighty continent have been opened up, as they never would have been had the country remained under the repressive government of England. The population has increased every year, fertile tracts have been opened to the influence of civilization; great cities have sprung up where once was the boundless prairie or the untrodden desert; and at the present day the American flag waves over every climate and every race in its own vast dominions, and passes, unquestioned and respected, at the peak of its men-of-war, or from the masts of its merchant-marine, throughout every quarter of the habitable globe.

We have much then to remember, and much to celebrate with thankfulness on our great anniversary. A birth-day is ever observed in a family as a festival, and the Fourth of July is the birth-day of the American Nation. How then should it be celebrated? With rejoicing as the natal day of the greatest nation of the world, with hope, as we see our country every day taking onward strides in the van-guard of civilization and power, with a chastened and tempered memory of those who laid down their lives to make us what we are, or who died ere they could see their good work advanced to its wonderful fruition. For we must not forget, in contemplating the America of to-day, and admiring her commanding position among the peoples, that she was not always so, that a single century ago she was a mere dependency of the British Crown, a colony laboring under all the ills and disabilities which seem inseparable from English government; that the tyrant foreigner

had a firm foot-hold on her shores—ay, even as he now has on Ireland, and his power was at that time reckoned as one of the greatest in the world. America was a colony, fortified, guarded and garrisoned by the British, and oppressed as British subjects must ever be oppressed. Then some brave men recognized the right of their country to independence. Their noble souls revolted at the sight of a mighty continent held in chains by any nation, and they resolved to free her or perish in the attempt. These are the men whom, in conjunction with a thousand other memories of sad or joyful triumphs we honor in the annual celebration. They laid down their broad principles—"No taxation without representation," and would not abate a jot of their demands. They fought for freedom and gained it at the sword's point, despite the tyrants. These are the men and these the acts that we commemorate on the Fourth of July. They are worthy of a noble memorial in the peoples' heart for ever, and on the day especially consecrated to them we trust they will be worthily honored. The petty feeling that attempted to debar a certain section of our people from joining in the truly national festival has, we are happy to say, been promptly repressed, and Irish and Catholics will take the place in the commemoration to which they are entitled by the services of their ancestors in the old struggle which culminated on the Fourth of July, ninety-eight years ago.

For Irishmen this celebration has a special interest. We cannot forget that the position of Ireland now is almost precisely analogous to that of America before the inauguration of that great revolution. No one could have predicted at that time the complete success of the American arms, and the unprecedented growth of the nation, which has gone on so rapidly ever since. No country under foreign rule, especially under English, can develop its internal resources. It is against the interests of the oppressors to suffer them to do so, except so far as such wealth can be diverted to their own aggrandizement, and no people understand this better than the English. Hence arises the present poverty of Ireland. The round world does not contain a spot embracing in such a small compass so many natural advantages. Once freed from the repression of foreign policy its increase, for a certain time, would emulate that of America. And when the patriotic fathers of this land first unsheathed the sword, and flung the banner of Independence on the breeze, they were defying a far more formidable power than England is at present, at least it was so then considered, yet history shows us their rapid, triumphant success, and we annually commemorate it with grateful hearts, those of Irish nationality in particular, who know but too well from what a galling yoke we have been delivered. It remains for Ireland to achieve her own independence, and to acquire the right to celebrate a day such as we will soon see celebrated here, as the anniversary of the casting off of the most intolerable and degrading yoke that has ever been imposed on any nation. From the conduct of the Irish on many a battle field we know how they can fight; from their conduct in the American Revolution we know how they can fight for Freedom. We are citizens of this country, and can celebrate here with joy the acquisition of that independence which our countrymen of old helped to gain; and we trust that the celebration will be worthy of the great event it commemorates. But we also owe a duty to the land of our birth which no ties of adoption can withdraw us from. We have yet to observe the anniversary of Irish independence on Irish soil, and beneath an acknowledged Irish flag.

A ROYAL VISIT.

It is a curious system of reparation that attempts to atone for real and tangible wrongs by smooth speeches and apparent sympathy; but it is a very common one. Some people appear to think that they may indulge in every kind of insult and outrage, and that the victim is more than repaid for all by a condescending sympathy, and a few honied words. Victoria goes even further. She is conscious, at least she must be if she is in possession of her senses, that she and hers have rendered their very name odious to the Irish people by the acts perpetrated by them, and under cover of their authority; yet she now announces, with an air of conferring an infinite favor, that she purposes making a Royal visit to Ireland. Surely such sympathy would be charming if it were not ludicrous, such condescension would be inappreciable if it were not insulting. In what does this Royal visit consist? Her most gracious Majesty will visit her dutiful Irish subjects, (if she can find such,) she will drive in procession through the streets of Dublin, which will be lined with police and military, she will go to the Castle, perhaps the most deservedly execrated spot, from its associations, on Irish soil to-day. She will be cheered by native and imported flunkies, and perhaps by the blatant members of a city mob which would cheer Beelzebub if he made a sensation; "only this and nothing more." Yet the English Press comments on this Royal farce as a master stroke of policy, and press and ministers unite in agreeing that it will do much to "allay the bad feeling in Ireland." In the name of common sense, what do they take us for? Do they imagine for a moment that wrongs such as Ireland has endured are to be atoned for by a senseless pageant, and that the people who sickened at foreign tyranny can be made more contented by parading the insignia of that tyranny before their eyes in their own country? It is not Victoria's presence that we want. It is her absence, complete and perpetual, and with hers the absence of every minion and accessory of her accursed tyranny. Can they forget that

the pomp and pageantry and wealth displayed in such a scene are in a great measure gathered from the fertile fields of Ireland, till their rightful owners are forced to choose between the alternatives of starvation or exile? And this is a piece of premeditated policy—this gratuitous insult to the Irish race—weighed in conclave with all its pros and cons, and adopted as the easiest and cheapest mode of reconciling what they consider a disaffected people. Disaffected, yes; but not so much at the absence of English Royalty as at its ever present and damaging influence. The Queen must seek other means to eradicate from the memory of the Irish that she had the prerogative of pardon for those who dared all for patriotism, and that she failed to exercise it. No Royal visit can make us forget that when the dreadful famine settled down like a blight upon Erin's fruitful fields, when her people died in the ditch by the slow agony of the English Relief Works, or by the more merciful, because quicker starvation, the abundance of the Royal coffers was held back from the perishing nation, and the charity of an Eastern Potentate far exceeded that of free and enlightened England. She may pass through Ireland in all the procession of command and grandeur, she may be toasted and applauded by hired flunkies, yet the heartiest cheer will ring from the mass of the people when she leaves; for it will at least be typical of her final departure from the land that she and her advisers have done so much to desolate. There is nothing in history to induce the Irish people to welcome her to their country. There is much to inspire contempt, and even a stronger feeling, but nothing to call for love, or for the *ced mille fautes* which would be warmly and unhesitatingly extended to her humblest exile. Try the experiment. See how much genuine enthusiasm and rejoicing will be evoked by the proposed expedition, and the English ministers will have a plain proof of what they pretend to be ignorant of—the true temper of the Irish people. As for the visit's alchemy in any measure the reasonable dissatisfaction of the Irish people, she might as well "go stand upon the shore, and bid the flood-tide bate its usual height." In fact, there is at present scarcely a concession short of complete and immediate independence which would satisfy the bulk of the Irish people, and a paltry expedient like the projected Royal visit is as useless as it is contemptible.

LOCAL OPTION.

Individual Rights, and the Rights of Property.

The anti-license agitation which has achieved such an unexpected success in various parts of this State threatens to attain a magnitude which challenges our most serious consideration. The question does not turn on the unquestionably deleterious effect of liquor taken in excess, nor does it rest in the assumption of the crusaders that nearly every ill of the flesh is attributable to its effects. We have to consider if the benefits that are expected to accrue from the operation of the Local Option Law are at all commensurate with the losses it would entail, or if, in other words, the anti-license party have advanced any arguments sufficient to warrant the demolition of an extensive and flourishing branch of business. As a matter of fact it is well known that no restrictions in liquor traffic have ever operated to materially decrease drunkenness, or its resultant in crime. The temperance party are not breaking new ground. They are trying what has been attempted, and attempted fruitlessly again and again, in America and elsewhere. But unquestionably their success would close out the retail dealers altogether, and would seriously injure, and totally alter the character of the wholesale business. Both of these are important branches of business in this city and State, and furnish employment to thousands outside of those regularly engaged. Apart from the legality of the law, which still remains to be tested, it is manifestly unjust on the face of it. It is a piece of special legislation, levelled against the interests of a class, and as such, besides being unconstitutional in this country, is partial and unfair. But, argue the supporters of the new regime, the interests of the minority must always give place to those of the many in that lies the foundation of all law. True. But, because a few habitual debauchees cannot exist without expense, does that furnish an argument for levelling a death blow at one of the most important businesses in the State? It would seem not. Have these fanatics, who fancy doubtless they are doing the country incalculable service, ever reflected on the number of hard-working, industrious men whom their precious reforms would turn out of employment? or the amount of capital which their movement would withdraw from the State? Already the effect of their ill-advised movement has been felt by the wholesale dealers, and who can predict where it will end—who can ever predict the effect of fanaticism? Everyone knows that this sudden accession of temperance fervor, this exemplary zeal to reform suffering humanity, whether it will or not, is only a temporary fury, which will speedily exhaust itself by its own violence; but in the meantime it may do incalculable harm; while it is impossible it can effect the smallest good. If they gain their purpose, they will close all the retail stores, thereby reducing thousands from affluence or comfort to indigence, and throwing at once half the business of the city out of gear by withdrawing nearly half of its current capital. This much loss, how much gain? The private demagogue will supplant the public class, and the statistics of drunkenness will be unaltered. The crockery and glass dealers, whose principal business is dependant on the bars, will suffer proportionately. Hundreds of stores in every

part of the city will be vacant, nor will there be any inducement to reoccupy them. Business will stagnate and in a few months the city will retrograde more than it has advanced in the last decade. So much damage may be done by fanaticism when once mounted on a dangerous hobby. It is to be hoped that the voters of this city have a more clear sighted view of their own interests than to allow the prosperity and progress of the community to be paralyzed to please anybody—even the ladies.

We do not wish to be considered as opposers of reform because we make a stand against this last dangerous project, neither are we more inclined to excuse intemperance than our neighbors, but if reform cannot be introduced without destruction we say "Let it alone." This is a very important consideration, and one involving large interests, as well as presenting many different aspects. We will refer to the subject again, and continually, as we consider it one which cannot be too plainly stated to anyone. Many a man has been led away by a false enthusiasm to do what he afterwards regretted. It shall not be our fault if every possible phase of this agitation is not thoroughly ventilated before the city is required to pass a final opinion on its merits.

WELL DONE!

We are glad to learn that the committee of arrangements for the coming Fourth of July have pronounced against the intolerance which had intruded into their counsels, and have practically endorsed the arguments which we advanced last week, by unanimously accepting the resignation of Mr. Silas Sellick. We expected nothing less from them, and feel convinced that they will be more than repaid for the absence of their recalcitrant member by the harmony which their future action will induce amongst all creeds at the approaching celebration. To open a question of religion, and through it a question of original nationality, on such an occasion was not only an unwarrantable wrong to all Catholic Americans, but was a deliberate and uncalled for insult to the committee who were obliged to listen to it. It was equivalent to gratuitously impugning in a single breath their nationality, their humanity, and their common sense. We said enough last week to demonstrate the absolute absurdity (to use a charitable term) of Mr. Sellick's motion; and the committee have passed upon his conduct in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired; vindicating, as it does, the rights of their countrymen, and their own honor. We trust that no more obstacles will be thrown in the way of a unanimous and successful celebration.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, May 23d, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

Sir:—You may learn with a considerable degree of certainty, if you have any desire for this peculiar sort of knowledge, that the Count de Chambord has not been here at all. The *Union*, the accredited organ of the Count, after allowing all the *Globe* mouths to gape for a full fortnight, has at length settled the all important question, at least for all unsensational people. But the Bonapartist *Ordre* which is nothing if not sensational, goes on telling the most cock-and-bull stories. The last specimen, however, of a full fledged *canard* comes from a German source. The *Gazette de la Croix* says that the French Ambassador at Vienna, M. le Marquis de Harcourt has announced to the government that the "King" has just set out for France. While irreverent journalists of the Bonapartist and other persuasions have been making a sort of shuttlecock of the Count; the highly reverent representatives of the Royalist and the Catholic (these adjectives, which most certainly have no necessary connection, nearly always go together here) Provincial Press have been deliberating at Lyons. Here are shortly the conclusions these wiseacres have come to: The National Assembly will fail in its mission if it allows itself to be dissolved before restoring the Monarchy. There is no safety for France in the future, no solid alliances, no way of reconciling order and liberty (this is an observation that has occasionally been made before and will, I should say, be made again) but by the Monarchy. The Count de Chambord has shown in his various manifestations, and notably in the Salzburg letter, the true principles on which the Monarchy should be restored. "The very much to be regretted that the Assembly should have so misconstrued the sentiments of the country on the question of the Flag. Neither the country nor the army would have had the smallest objection to substitute the Flag, white that won Alsace and Lorraine for the one (Tricolor) that lost them. France has suffered horribly from the uncertainty of the last three years. It is certain that if the Monarchy has been proclaimed at Bordeaux, France would have got far better terms, and would be now in a far more advanced state of re-organization. While it is allowed that the Septennate was set up with the best intentions, it is broadly asserted that it neither has done anything, nor can do anything, and 'tis at least very strongly suggested that the Marshal had better at once give place to the king. Here it protests with all its might against the passing any of those constitutional laws, as they are called, which would erect the Septennate into a sort of definite, however shortened, institution. Such is a short summary of a not over-long document. I don't know that I need have troubled you with even this much, but I'm grateful to these press gentlemen that they said their say so shortly. These constitutional laws to which I have

just alluded, have been the leading subject of discussion for the last week. There have been all sorts of guesses as to what the ministry mean to do when the Assembly meets. The Legitimist and Clerical papers (*Union, Universe, Monde*) contending that the government meant to let things rest as they were, and had in fact yielded to the Extreme Right; while the semi-official organs (*France, Soleil, Presse*) stated that the laws for putting the Septennate into shape were to be pressed forward immediately. The general public were somewhat puzzled by these contradictory oracles, especially as there was a denial given to the "inspiration" of the semi-official (or to use the French word) *officious* press, and as the Legitimist papers were not without a sort of semi-officiality of their own—two, if not more, of the ministry belonging to their party. A late speech, however, of the First Minister shows that in this peculiar case at least, the *officious* papers were not meddling with matters beyond their ken. M. de Broglie says: "We all wish that the Marshal should, as soon as possible, receive from the National Assembly by the constitutional laws, the means of exercising during seven years for the good of France, the power that has been conferred on him. This is the necessary condition in order that that power should give the country the advantages she expects from it; the protection of manufactures and commerce, security for all interests, the revival of general prosperity, and the maintenance in the midst of peace, and in the presence of the foreigner, of the dignity of France." If the Septennate does only one-half of what M. de Broglie expects, it would be a very wonderful institution indeed; but I don't mean to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of the Septennate now. The Assembly has given the Marshal a seven years lease of power, and I think it should in all fairness give him proper facilities for utilizing that power; and I hope (and indeed expect) that neither the Marshal nor Assembly will pay the slightest attention to the manhandling folly of the "Royalist and Catholic Press Congress," or any other royalist and ridiculous persons or corporations.

I have not cared to say anything up to this, of what is called the "Incident Piccon," as the facts of the case are anything but clearly known as yet, and I cannot at all share the natural, but I think excessive anger it has produced among Frenchmen of all parties. Almost the only thing known is that M. Piccon, one of the Savoyard deputies, said something at a private or semi-public banquet in favor of restoring Nice and Savoy to Italy. It is very natural that this should seem very horrible to a Frenchman; but why should it appear any way horrible to you or me? As consistent advocates of the "doctrine of nationalities," we cannot have one measure for France and another for all other countries. If the people of Savoy and Nice wish rather to be joined to Italy than to France, no protests of French papers can make it right or proper, that they should be made Frenchmen against their will. As to what they do wish, I simply know nothing. People may talk to me about the *plebiscite* by which they seemed to give themselves to France; but I give just nothing at all for their *plebiscites*. This sort of argument would prove perfectly, that the Prince Imperial ought to be immediately made Emperor of France. M. Piccon has resigned his seat as deputy. This is clearly right, whatever else may be wrong about his conduct. I wish people were equally scrupulous in other countries, better known to you and me. All this is not to be taken as approval of M. Piccon or his conduct. I know next to nothing of him or his conduct as yet, or of the state of public feeling in Savoy and Nice; therefore neither can I condemn him. I may have something more to say of the "Incident Piccon" hereafter.

AN IRISH EXILE.

A CONTRAST.

In the San Francisco *Bulletin* of the 10th inst. appears the following item of "Court news," as the flunkey press of a monarchical country would head it. Maj. Genl. Cobb and staff have been invited by Col. Peter Donohue to visit the Guyers as his guests, and to partake of his hospitality while there. The invitation has been accepted.

It is a significant fact that, on the same day on which this item appeared Miss Isabella M'Manus left this city for Santa Cruz, broken down in health and spirits, and seeking in change of air that relief and relaxation which she has been deprived of in this city ever since her brother's lamented death, and by no fault of her own. Mark the contrast, Col. Donohue is one of the defendants in the suit brought by Miss M'Manus for the recovery of her rights—he is reputed worth millions—indeed all the defendants in that suit are wealthy, while the estimable and accomplished Irish Catholic lady who is the sufferer by the "ring" is dependant on others for subsistence, and for means to prosecute her cause. It is a disgrace to the Press, and especially to the Irish Press, that her case has not more prominently been brought before the public. Even the Eastern journals, in reporting Father Sheehy's lectures, omitted his scathing denunciation of the wrong; this lady has suffered, and of the individuals who are flourishing at her expense.

Mr. McGann has returned from the East with a full supply of all shapes of best gear of the newest style. Any one wanting a new suit cannot do better than inspect his stock at 25 Third St. He will show you a new pattern of the latest cut, and will give you the best value in the way of carpets, oil-cloths, etc. can be obtained at Messrs. Mountain and Bay's, 718 Market St. A visit to their store should not be omitted by anyone who contemplates furnishing a house, or re-vivifying any of the indispensable articles in which they deal.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 13, 1874.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES

THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY—BEING A CURIOUS GLANCE AT MY EARLY TRAINING.

I am not, at present at least, about to write a regular autobiography. I merely propose to select a series of passages from different periods of my life, and to sketch them for the readers of the NATIONALIST with whatever liveliness of style I can command. A great number of the scenes and incidents, which I shall endeavor to recall from the past, will have reference to our Irish patriotic struggle. I shall not, however, confine myself exclusively, or even rigidly, to Irish national pictures. Indeed I shall frequently endeavor to hit off a whimsical character and paint grotesque incidents, having little or rather no connection at all with Ireland or her cause. If haply my reminiscences shall seem to those who may be obliging enough to read them, to boast little of what can, in any high sense of the term, be deemed instructive, I trust that they will, at least, be found to possess a few slight claims to be called amusing.

To begin with the beginning: I was born in Dublin, on the 15th of January, 1822. Some time previous to this interesting event, my father and mother had taken lodgings in the house (71 Britain street) of an apothecary, named Shaw. Here, then, I made my way, foot-foremost, and not without a good deal of bother to others as well as myself, into the world on the above-named day. Indeed, at the moment of my first appearance on this sublunary stage, I was quite insensible. The application of spirits and the aid of a bellows, however, speedily brought me to. As I am a decidedly little man, so I was then a singularly little infant. I believe I was born with a lucky cap, even a double caul. If so, it has proved the omen of nothing but ill-luck to me ever since. I had in infancy other struggles for existence. I got whooping-cough when I was only six or eight months old; and, to make matters worse, my mother was compelled to wean me when I had scarcely battled through my first four months. At the age of eight months I was given over (it would seem I lay for dead) in chicken pox or some other disease of infancy. Yet, in spite of all this early experience of the ills that flesh is heir to, I clung tenaciously to life, seemed, like Mark Tapley, uncommonly cheerful under difficulties, was, at all events, far less addicted to indulgence in howling than the generality of infants, and, in short, ere long became a remarkably healthy child; though my dimensions, indeed, remained, for a considerable time, tiny as those of a leprechaun. As a set-off to this, my face was by no means destitute of animation. My eyes were vivid, and my nose stood out with a Caucasian respectability, that put to shame the Ethiopian fatness of most contemporary infantine noses. Indeed I have heard it said, that my face has changed comparatively little during the different stages of my existence.

During the first eighteen years, or so, of my life, under the influence of my mother, who was a staunch, rather than a strict, Roman Catholic, I imbibed not merely Catholic, but also, to a considerable degree, anti-English sentiments. During the nine following years—five of which I spent with my father in Athlone, and nearly four at boarding-schools—my ideas, such as they were, underwent some modification. Throughout this second period, my associations and surroundings were almost exclusively Protestant and Conservative. When I was about seven years of age, my father, though in his early youth he had been a member of the Church of Rome, most unexpectedly became a clergyman of the Church of England, a step which was the source of bitter agony to my mother and of vague terror to me, who, at that time, had little or no comprehension of its real significance. My father had, I believe, promised my mother, before marriage, never to take this step. He had, on one occasion, actually commenced medical studies; at another time he had resolved on going to the bar. But, by a peculiar ill-fortune, circumstances had nipped both these projects in the bud. His final adoption of the clerical profession was eventually the cause of much domestic misery to my mother and me, and to himself even it brought in the end neither prosperity, nor happiness. Indeed I might shortly say it was attended with blight to us all.

During all these years, however, circumstances more or less helped to develop a strong feeling of patriotism in my heart. No doubt my youthful ideas on the subject of Ireland and the

Irish, and especially on Ireland's relations to England, were ill-defined and even contradictory. While living in Athlone, indeed, and when, subsequently, at Ennis College, and later still, at the Clergymen's Sons' School, which was in those days at Edgeworthstown, County Longford, I used occasionally to talk a sort of hearsay conservative and Philo-British jargon, which I had picked up from my elders. Still I never, either then or at any other time, felt the smallest spark of genuine loyalty to English royalty or rule. But what was quite genuine, what was the result of my own independent thought and feeling, was my constant assertion, even in those days, that Ireland ought to get back her parliament and that I was "a repealer!" Besides, when a boy, I was never tired of reading the story of the various rebellions of the Irish against English rule. The seeds thus sown on a naturally congenial soil were sure sooner or later to fructify. In a word, the germ of the future rebel was even then lurking in my heart.

Indeed there is little doubt that many of the books which I was fond of reading in my earlier years, more or less influenced the development of my character, and as little that some of them helped to give it a patriotic bent. I learned to read at a very early age. In fact I had not completed my second year when I began to learn my letters; and yet, remote as that momentous event is, I well remember my father's making an alphabet of large letters for me. Long before I had reached the termination of my third year, I began to read. At first my mother used to read aloud for me, and I, watching the page, used to repeat the words after her. Presently, however, I used to read to her without this assistance. The first book she put into my hands was a volume of fairy and, I think, other stories, and the second was Goldsmith's History of Rome. Of the contents of the first I only remember the name "Arphur," belonging, I believe, to a fairy prince. I love, however, to wander through fairy-land to this day. The Roman history inspired me with a vehement admiration of heroes, war and liberty. All the defenders of Roman freedom were favorites with me. The sternness of the elder Brutus and Manlius Torquatus; the devoted gallantry of Scævola and Cincinnatus; the republican simplicity of Cincinnatus; the incorruptible honor of the "Admirable Fabricius"; the fortitude of Regulus, which no tortures could vanquish; the generous alacrity of Camillus to save, from the fierce Gauls, the city that had banished him; the military genius and valor of the Scipios; the public virtue of the Gracchi; the dauntless and immovable majesty of the Senate on various occasions when Rome seemed to be all to me a source of never-failing wonder and admiration.

[To be continued.]

The case of the State of Kansas against ex-Senator Pomeroy, for bribery, has been postponed till July 27th.

The so-called Catholic Press and Irish Nationality.

The annexed able and caustic article from the Irish World may seem to some at first sight a little severe; but a moment's reflection will convince the most lenient of its justice. The Catholic Press has sunk its nationality in its religion; it is only Irish in as far as it is Catholic, and the great distinctive questions of Irish wrongs and Irish independence are suffered to remain untouched. The strictures in the article we copy are well deserved, and are not by any means more severe, than the occasion requires. The real policy, as well as the truest mercy, often lies in the bold sweep of the surgeon's knife which can eradicate the disease, where a feebler or less confident hand would only lacerate, and leave the real seat of the disease untouched. We are indeed, pleased that a journal of the influence and circulation of the Irish World should have taken up a question which is of such vitally national importance, and which we have been too long left to sustain single-handed. That Catholicity is not naturally antagonistic to nationality, no one who has given the subject a thought can hesitate to affirm; we can even see how the Catholic Press might be so conducted as to infuse a fresh spirit into patriotism. While on the subject of the Catholic press, we may notice a statement which recently appeared in the Irish World to the effect that it had been "done out of" \$1000 by the sharp practice of some Western religious paper. We can assure our contemporary that this is no isolated case, though we commend his charity in refraining from more pointed mention. We believe that a few such rebukes as that administered in the article we copy, would have a salutary effect on some of our ultra-religious neighbors, and the Irish World has earned the right of speaking out on the subject; for while its worst enemy cannot accuse it of irreligion, it has consistently upheld the principles of nationality, and advocated Republicanism everywhere.

The so-called Catholic press of this country fight shy of everything Irish. Why this is, we very plain. One would naturally suppose that the Irish, being as they are the most unfortunatic Catholic people on the earth, ought to find their warmest friends and stoutest defenders among the so-called Catholic press. Such, however, is not so. As Catholics, indeed, the Irish serve a purpose, and their utility is recognized; but as merely Irish, they are but small account. Such is the estimation of the so-called Catholic press. And yet our so-called Catholic press have grounds of their own for their course of action. The motive perhaps can be explained by the law of gravitation of affinity. The so-called Catholic press are pro-English in their bias, but the Irish are pro-English. The so-called Catholic press worship power and prestige; but the Irish lack power—

at least they have not succeeded, thus far, in giving shape to their power. The so-called Catholic press admire the aristocracy; but the Irish can see no use for an aristocracy—and so the Irish lack taste in the estimation of our perfumed and sweet-scented so-called Catholic press. In one word, the Irish are not a "respectable" people. And, not being a "respectable" people, they should, of course, never come to the surface. They should know their place in the world—the place their good English masters put them in. There they ought to keep. There, in the superior opinion of the so-called Catholic press, they should work away, quietly and contentedly, dismissing all ambitious thoughts of Ireland's nationality—all thoughts of Ireland being ever "great, glorious and free"—leaving to their English masters alone the care of such earthly things. In other words, they are told they should forget they are Irish; and should remember only they are Catholics. Our people are constantly told what they have done for the Church. They are told, too, sometimes, what valor the Irish Brigade displayed, a few years since, in defence of the Pope's temporal power. Of such valor, say the so-called Catholic press, the Irish should ever feel proud. This we don't question. But, what of the valor displayed by the Irish in behalf of Ireland and liberty? Oh! say the so-called Catholic press, all that was vanity. All who talk of Ireland and liberty, and all that sort of thing, are demagogues and frauds. The Irish are often told how bravely they endured persecution for three hundred years (not exactly at the hands of England, insinuate the so-called Catholic press,—for England has the finest constitution on earth—but from heresy). The heretical foe rubbed you, Irish people, of your lands and property—so say the so-called Catholic press—leaving you a nation of beggars, forcing you to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water for strange peoples, and giving you nothing in your beggary but kicks and cuffs in exchange. But then it would be satisfactory enough for you to know, O good Irish people, that all those kicks and cuffs were for the good of your souls. This is what the so-called Catholic press tell you, furthermore, that you Irish should continue to accept the kicks and cuffs; for (say they) after a few centuries more of this sort of thing you may, perhaps, convert the heretical robber. It is a small thing, in the meantime, how you and your families get along. It is a small thing, if, in your beggary and destitution, proselyting kidnappers pick up your ragged children in hundreds and thousands, and rear them up Protestants. This, perhaps, is a matter of regret to you, O simple Irish. But you should not make much ado about it—for, in the estimation of the so-called Catholic press, what the Church loses this way, she is more than compensated by what she gains another way. One English duke or one English earl is (in their superior opinion) worth a whole shipload of immigrants' children. But if you talk of rebellion—if you Irish talk of winning back your own again—then the so-called Catholic press think the Church won't gain over those dukes and earls. No; the English robber—what the Church loses this way, she is more than compensated by what she gains another way. One English duke or one English earl is (in their superior opinion) worth a whole shipload of immigrants' children. But if you talk of rebellion—if you Irish talk of winning back your own again—then the so-called Catholic press think the Church won't gain over those dukes and earls. No; the English robber—what the Church loses this way, she is more than compensated by what she gains another way. 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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 13, 1874.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER ON DECORATION DAY.

BY "SOLDIER." (DR. GALLY.)

In the turpentine woods of the old Carolina State
There's an opening, and a cabin made of logs,
Far away from all the plots of the heads we call the
great;
And 'twas there I lived, and hustled with my dogs.

I knew but very little, and but little cared to know,
Of the doings of the Government and such;
I heard that there were speeches and heps to say and do
Up to Congress, but to me it was Dutch.

After many moons of wooing, one day I took a wife
In a quiet, simple country sort of way—
I didn't know of fancy things, but loved her as my life,
And after that there's little more to say.

We were happy in the cabin till we even thought it time,
With our by-and-by come baby in the woods;
And we felt as glad as could be in the forest of the pine
With a very scanty store of worldly goods.

I didn't care for Congress, nor the Leg'slat'ur nuthur,
And I never owned a nigger in the South;
I only owned a cabin and a baby and his mother,
With an ever-welcome smile around her mouth.

But, you see, they got to preaching about freedom and
the like.
And kept a-putting gritty words all around,
Till it sounded on the people, and the country made a
strike.

And the cannon down to Sumter gave a sound,
Then the pious went to praying and the fighters went to
fight,
And the persons of the gospel went along;
And our side was certain they must be in the right,
While the other side was surely in the wrong.

If it hadn't been for that, you bet we couldn't a-kept
this
Through as many awful battles as we did,
But the persons put it in the sacrosanct scrip,
And we thought it was our duty that we did.

'Cause I fought, I'm not a thief, a murderer, or liar,
More than other fellows are who fought the war;
The preacher prayed for courage, and the captain hal-
loed "Fire!"
So I blazed away as sharp as I could see.

But it used to touch my feelings till it fairly made me
weep,
And at times the tears would wet my eyes and blind
me,
When we both sides came up marching on the deadly
ground—
To the truth of "The Girl I Left Behind Me!"

Behind me—ah, behind me, in the piney woods behind
me!
And the man I was to shoot at—how was he?
Wasn't his heart also crying: "Will she ever see, or find
me,
When I'm slain among the slain that you must be?"

I have bought some bits of ribbon, and I'll own up clean
and true
From the bottom of the heart that holds my wife,
I shall trim my little people with the red and white and
blue.
So to teach them I'm forgiving all the strife.

For tomorrow is to arrive on a Sunday is to God—
Day that whispers to the living, "Don't forget!"
And we shall go with flowers to the soldiers in the sod,
There to sing: "O how we may be happy yet!"

I'd like if I could never think of battles I have fought,
And if I could be forgetting and forgetting
The scenes that I have shadowed in and lives that I have
sought,
Where friend and foe were falling with the shot!

But, you see, I can't forget it, though I hourly forgive
As I pray for my forgiven, like a brother;
And I only ask true Union where a citizen may live
In the love he bears his babies and his mother.

God bless us all, I pray, get to life and learn from one
another:
To make mistakes and blunders too, and right them—
Let any outside nation give this Union any bother,
And—hey! what you bet your life we'll fight them!

An Interesting Body of People.

A very interesting body of people are the Line
Islanders, who are brought from the small coral groups
on the Equator. Numbers of them have lately been
taken back by the Albatross. Their islands are so low and
flat, that were it not for the coco-nut trees, they would
not be seen from a ship till it came close upon them.
These Line men more resemble the New Zealanders than
any other race in the South Seas, not excepting even the
Kanakas. For the most part they are of an olive com-
plexion, and have long straight black hair, which falls
in shaggy masses over their shoulders. Both sexes are
tall and shapely, and many of the men are elaborately
tattooed from head to foot. Their food on their own
islands consists chiefly of coco-nuts, fish, and dry taro.
They swim and dive better than any race in Polynesia;
the time during which they will remain under water is
amazing, and, armed with a knife, they will absolutely
go out, as the Moros are said to have done, and fight a
shark in the open sea, rarely failing to kill him. This
noble race has apparently no military chiefs. There
is a certain respect and deference paid to the elders,
but equality reigns in the family, and each forms a sort
of petty republic. A more voracious people never lived.
Venomous reptiles of surpassing those of Corsica in
ferocity and persistence do not kill years. The principal
weapon which they use to carry out their vengeance is
that horrible implement, a shark's-tooth knife. This
consists of a flat blade of wood, to which shark's teeth
are sharp and cutting as razors are armed with sinnet on
either side. This knife, or rather saw, inflicts the most
frightful gashes, and it is rare indeed to see a Tokalan
man or woman unmarked with some bloody scar. Their
delight with European knives is such that they at once
wish to make trial of them upon one another. In their
have been reported cases of murder, and in some cases
native condition they frequently drink and get into
lively, and then, by some killing whomever they
encounter. So much is this the case that any white
man who proposes to take up his abode on their islands
for a time is at once taught to climb a coco-nut tree.
Even a Tokalan man, when drunk, cannot climb. They
are particularly skilful in making mats, hats, etc., and
soon become expert carpenters. Unfortunately, too, they
have suffered more than any others from kidnapping.
Some islands have been completely depopulated, and one
at least was deprived of all its women in order that
"wives" might be provided for the Chinamen at work at
Tahiti. *—Fall Mail Gazette.*

Pranks are being in many parts of the woods
in Michigan.

Coercion in Ireland.

With the exception of the military prisoners, it has been generally believed that there were no other persons held in prison for political or semi-political offences in Ireland for some time past. But this belief was altogether a mistake, for it is now proven that there are men languishing in prison in Ireland for the past three or four years, and that they are not only kept there, but are being tortured, and without knowing the reason why they are thus basely incarcerated in living tombs. We volunteer to say that in all his experience of the horrors of the Neapolitan prisons, Mr. Gladstone has failed to unveil a grosser outrage than this. There are no political disturbances in the country—there is no action being taken by the people, except what is strictly within the law, and yet we find men torn from their families and cast into foul and loathsome dungeons without receiving the slightest information as to the crime they are accused of.

Within the past few weeks one of those cases has come to light in the court of Queen's Bench, Dublin. A young man named Casey, the son of a respectable farmer, was arrested in December, 1871, under what the Government is pleased to call the Peace Preservation Act, and lodged in jail. He has since languished there without knowing for what, and has never once been brought to a trial. When his case was brought before the presiding judge, that high-toned functionary did not know the slightest thing about the matter, and asked the unfortunate man's lawyer, of course the lawyer was in total ignorance too, and we suppose so was everyone else, save some insignificant scion of the Royal Irish Constabulary who, for some private grudge, or to satisfy the malignant hate of a venomous land agent, procured the arrest of Casey.

It would be impossible for such a state of things to exist in any country so enlightened as England; but, as she ever does, under all the advancement of the nineteenth century. We have no doubt but there are numerous other cases of this kind, the warrants for which are stowed away in some dusty pigeon-hole in Dublin Castle, while the unhappy victims pine under the tortures of Kilmahinny or Mountjoy. Another instance of the existence of coercion in Ireland has been noticed by the *Advertiser* during the week. Some burglars, being hard pressed for something to steal, paid a visit to the Cork military barracks, and seeing nothing more worthy of their light-fingered art, concluded they would make away with some old rusty guns found lying in an obscure corner of the barracks. The old guns were somehow soon missed by the authorities, and their disappearance was at once set down as "most mysterious." Somebody must have taken them, and of course it must be those who were criminal enough to possess some feelings of patriotism. Ten innocent citizens were forthwith arrested on suspicion and lodged in jail, to await a trial which, perhaps, shall never take place. In the face of these things we cannot be made to believe that coercion laws do not exist in Ireland, notwithstanding what the British press may say to the contrary. *—American Gael.*

High Officers in Ireland.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]
A correspondent writes to the reference to the number of Irishmen holding places as heads of departments in the government of Ireland. The matter is one of great public interest and importance, and a survey of the principal offices shows a state of things by no means favorable to Irishmen. Thus, talking the chief departments of the Service, we find the post of Treasury Remembrancer and Deputy Paymaster filled by Mr. Herbert Murray, an Englishman. Sir Alfred Power, an Englishman, is at the head of the Local Government Board; Colonel McKerrlie, a Scotchman, presides at the Board of Works; the head of the Customs is a Scotchman, Mr. John Stuart Wood, an Englishman, is at the head of the Comptroller of the Customs; the head of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, an Englishman, is at the head of the Metropolitan Police; the Chief Secretaryship is held by an Englishman, Mr. Michael Hicks-Beach. Only one post comparable for importance and responsibility to these is held by an Irishman, and that is the post of Chief Commissioner of the Local Government Board. Yet, the head of that department receives a salary of £2,000 per annum, while Mr. Keenan is paid only £1,500. It can not be argued that the duties of the Chief Commissioner are in any way more weighty than those discharged by Mr. Keenan; nor does his office exceed in public importance that of head of the Education Department. The virtual monopoly of nearly all the principal offices in the Irish Government service by functionaries who are not Irishmen is decidedly unsatisfactory. This has not been the case in the past. Irishmen have been very skilful, indeed, in the higher dignities of the public service. The dissatisfaction with which we view the distribution of the headship of departments in Ireland has been charged against us as a fault of national character, but the facts as they stand not only exonerate, but justify discontent.

Young England.

A shocking occurrence is reported from Norfolk. One day last week, five boys named Walter Walrow, 12; Charles Waters, 9; John Curtis, 8; George Waters, 6; and Albert Parker, 7, were playing on the common when the latter was pushed by his companions into a pool having about a foot of water in it. When he got out, he was thrown in bodily. This seems to have been repeated three or four times, and further, the boys kicked him as he was scrambling out, the result being that the lad was so injured he could not get home, and was left on the bank, where he died during the night. The surgeon who looked at the body formed the impression that the child had a great and violent struggle with death, for the hands were clenched, and pieces of grass were between the fingers, while his countenance bore an expression of anxiety, dread, and fear. The inquest was opened, but adjourned.

A Morris undertaker with a vein of humor announces: "Comes this to order; now's the time to get up close." He ought to offer a chromo.

The East African Slave Trade—A Terrible Story.

A correspondent of the Belfast Weekly Examiner says:—

"The Daphne has just arrived from Madagascar, having had the good luck to capture the finest prize that has been made for several years. It appears that on March 13, while on cruising in the vicinity of Cape St. Andrew, she sighted a dhow standing in for the land, and after the exciting chase of more than three hours she succeeded in bringing her to, but not until eight or ten shots had been fired, the last two of which struck the water within a few feet of her. She proved to be a large dhow of 200 tons, and at the time of capture had 230 slaves and forty others, consisting of the guard, crew, and slave owners on board. She had sailed from a town within twenty miles of Mozambique eight days previously, and having lost thirty slaves on the passage, she must have no less than 200 souls on board at the time of her departure. It is easy to see that, though a large dhow, the crewing must have been terrible and in consequence the sufferings of the wretched victims indescribable. It is said that papers found in the dhow clearly prove that the slaves were destined for Nos Beh, where, under the designation of 'engages,' they would be employed by the French sugar planters on that almost the latest French annexation, and learn not only the meaning but the beauty of the legend, 'Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite.'"

Another Zanzibar correspondent, writing on the 2nd of April, who sends us an account of this capture, which only differs from the foregoing in a few minor points, goes on to say:—

"But what seems so extraordinary is that, after making so fine a seizure, she did not at once proceed to Seychelles and land the poor emaciated wretches, where everything is always in readiness for their reception; moreover, from the place of capture to the Seychelles was only five days' run in the north-east trade, with fine weather all the way. I have it on good authority that, had this course been adopted, not more than five slaves would have died. Instead of this notwithstanding that it was notoriously the bad weather season, the Daphne first of all went to Mozambique and had bad weather all the way, but still only one slave was lost. Then from Mozambique she returned to Madagascar, and on the way encountered a cyclone. The result may be guessed; more than two hundred slaves, naked, weak, ill, unused to the sea, were forced to rough it out on the upper deck through the storm and pitiless rain. I would willingly draw a veil over the rest of this sad story, but publicity is the only safe guard against such a mistake being allowed to take place a second time. I have tried to get the exact number, but have not been quite successful; however, I am on the right side when I tell you that one tenth of the whole were dead within four days of the cyclone—they at any rate have been emancipated. Twenty have died since that, so I fancy the survivors would tell a strange story of capture and recapture if ever they returned to their native country."

At a sale, "unsight, unseen," as the boys say, of uncalled-for express packages in Providence, the other day, one shrewd Rhode Islander got his eye on a compact, neat-looking package, which he was sure must contain greenbacks or some other blessings in disguise, so he bid up to \$2.50, and secured—several hundred of last year's Democratic State tickets.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF VINES IN FRANCE.—According to reports received from the Department of the Meurthe, Moselle, Vosges, Aube, Yonne, and Cote d'Or, the damage done by the late frosts to the vines is very considerable. In the Macon district, all the vines situated on low ground were frozen on the night of the 6th. The white grape vines are less injured than the red. The whole loss is estimated at one-half the crop, but the precise details have not yet come to hand.

SHARKS have become so abundant in the harbour of Wellington, N. Z., that bathing has been entirely put a stop to.

A boy eleven years old was recently received at the express office at Springfield, Mass., duly labeled and tagged, from Danville, Ill., the charge being \$12.50.

THERE was a fire in Detroit, the other day, and one man in the vicinity was assisted by the neighbors in removing his things, and all the goods that he can find now are three legs of a table and a singed straw bed.

It is not generally known that you can send a postal card exhorting over Europe by simply attaching a one-cent stamp to it. Hence, if you wish to remind a customer of that little account he or she went away and forgot all about setting, why it costs little to do it, and the result may be a great success.

An Iowa clergyman, who had a donation party, lately has been enough to last him thirty years.

CALIFORNIA will, it is thought, this year produce 12,000,000 gallons of wine, valued at \$3,500,000, and 2,000,000 pounds of raisins. Forty thousand acres are devoted in this State to the cultivation of the grape crop.

PLEASED NOTORIETY.—Some was furnished in San Francisco a photograph of Jake Lee as the correct representative of Charles, lieutenant of Vassquez, and by this time, probably, copies of the same are figuring in shop windows of the city, over the \$2,000 reward offered by the Government. Considering the Cheuvre is an Indian of the lowest type and has brutal features of very truculent expression, our handsome friend, the ex-deputy Sheriff, ought to appreciate the notoriety likely to be given to his physiognomy. *—Monterey Democrat.*

An inebriated individual precipitated himself down the depot stairs, and on striking the landing, repeatedly apostrophized himself with, "If you'd been waiting to come down stairs, why didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a cum down with you an' showed you the way."

THE IRISH PEERAGE.—According to a return just issued, there are at the present time 185 peers of Ireland, viz: 2 dukes, 11 marquises, 65 earls, 38 viscounts and 66 barons, and that previous to the Act of Union there were 211 peers of Ireland—viz, 1 duke, 5 marquises, 77 earls, 95 viscounts and 70 barons. Since the Union 75 Irish peerages have become extinct and 81 peers of Ireland have been created peers of the United Kingdom. Of the existing 185 Irish peers, 80 are also peers of England, Great Britain or the United Kingdom, and 28 are representative lords, thus leaving 77 as the number of Irish peers without seats.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. MARION.

G. T. HANLY.



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Sir: I take pleasure in writing this note to you, to let you know that I have been cooking in the principal towns in California for the past ten years, and I can say that your Yeast Powder is the best that I ever used in that time, or any other time. I have been cooking for twenty years. You can publish this, if you wish.

Yours respectfully,

M. G. BAYLEY,

Eureka, Humboldt Bay.

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Board and Lodging per day, \$1.00

Single Meals, 25c

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Table is always supplied with the best market

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Printing of Every Description Neatly and Cheaply

John Francis O'Donnell.

[From the Dublin Irishman.]

One of Ireland's bright spirits have passed away from amongst us. John Francis O'Donnell, the "Caviar" of these pages, and of many another periodical, is no more. His soul took its flight from earth in a country that was not his own, in the midst of an alien, unloving people; but in his last hour of life we may be sure that his thoughts were with the kindred, and the green hillsides, and the verdant meads of the native land which was the constant theme of his sweet song.

Of the band of writers who still vindicate Ireland's ancient claim to the title of land of song, John Francis O'Donnell was one of the brightest ornaments. He essayed almost every form of composition, and he excelled in all. Of him it might be said, as was said of his great countryman: "Nihil legit quod non ornavit." As a ballad-writer he was racy and buoyant; his sonnets had a Miltonic suavity; in the dreamy style, of which Tennyson was the creator, he sometimes surpasses the chief whom he followed. As a political writer, as an essayist, as a sketcher of manners and characters, as a novelist, he made his mark conspicuously in the history of Irish literature. Condemned by the necessities of his position to the diurnal drudgery of journalism, he bore up manfully for years against the hard task of his lot, so unfitted for the gay insouciance of his character—but he eventually succumbed to it. Faded Poe and Mangen and a host of other kindred spirits whom we might name, to toil when soul and imagination flagged from overwork was insupportable to him. With less imagination and less sensibility he might have lived to the end of a long and prosperous career. It was fated otherwise. He died, like a true knight, in harness. While his hand could hold a pen he continued to write. When inaction became a necessity he pined away and died.

It is hard to contemplate such an end for such a man. Had our country been a nation he might have aspired to the highest rewards which people love to confer on those who represent the highest phases of the national intellect. His muse would have been encouraged by the applause of his countrymen; he would have been accorded leisure to develop in freedom, and at his ease the bright fancies that thronged into his brain. Instead of this he was obliged to exile himself from his native land and to devote the energies of a mind which might have produced deathless works to the performance of what may be called the menial service of literature. He had to devote day after day to the study of vulgar topics; he had to enter into the petty local squabbles which monopolise the interest of the mindless; he had to wear out his fluent pen in the task of summarising opinions and events with which his soul felt no sympathy and from which it often turned with loathing. Such a life would be tolerable to inferior minds; it is the every-day existence of thousands of useful mediocrities; but to O'Donnell it was unbearable.

Years after the death of the immortal author of "Hudibras" a thoughtful friend erected a monument over his grave "lest," as the inscription ran, "he who wanted bread while living should also lack a tombstone when he was dead." It is too late now for the Irish public to encourage the literary labors of our dead poet. Few but those who were unable to reward his exertions to the extent that they would have liked appreciated him at his true worth. The class who, in other countries, cherish genius and welcome it to the highest place in their favor repudiated O'Donnell, because he could not forget that he was an Irishman. We will not ask them or any one to build a monument to his memory. But we appeal earnestly to all and every Irish man and woman to contribute to the fund which it is in contemplation to raise for his bereaved widow and orphan. While life and strength remained to him he asked no aid beyond that which he paid for his pen. He has now left us for ever, and his family is especially unprovided for. His was a hard battle for life—he had no time to think of the future. The grim present was always at hand. Had he been a shopman or a laborer he might have made provision for those that were dear to him. As a poet of the people he was compelled, like Burns, to bequeath the care of his family to the nation for whom he sang.

We know that the Irish people will not fail to accept the change and acquit themselves of its obligations with the large-heartedness which a generous object never fails to evoke. But we would impress upon them the necessity of responding at once to the appeal which has been made to them on behalf of the forlorn family. It would be hard indeed if the first hours of bitter sorrow were aggravated by any other suffering which it is in the power of Irishmen to ally.

The Land Pirates' Swag.

[From the Virginia Enterprise, June 23.]

It has long been more than suspected that there is a large deposit of gold and bullion cached in some of the rugged cañons in Flowery District, the former haunt of Jack Davis, Harris, Squires and others of that old gang of stage and railroad robbers who ranged through this section of the State in early days. Nearly all the members of the gang are now in the State Prison. An old resident of Flowery informs us that about three weeks ago the wife of one of the gang, in company with a man from this city, whose name he could not recollect, but who is, as he says, a carpenter, came down to Flowery to prospect for hidden valuables. The first time they came they borrowed a pick and shovel at the Lady Bryan mine. He says they have been down in the cañon nearly every day since they made their first appearance. "Our informant is of opinion that the woman has received directions from her husband, now in the State Prison, as to the whereabouts of some buried coin; but that these directions were not sufficiently explicit to enable her to find the right spot. The ravine in which they have been searching comes into Six-mile Canyon from the north, and is exceedingly rocky and rugged. In some places huge ledges of rock jut out into the gulch, in others immense boulders have rolled down into its channel, while almost everywhere shaggy ledges of the country rock project from the steep slopes of the hills. Better hiding places for valuables could not be imagined. The trouble is that there are rather too many good places in which valuables might be cached. Too many places look alike. This seems to have confused the treasure-seekers. It appears to be pretty well known in Flowery that one of the gang, now in the State Prison, has a cache down there containing \$15,000 in coin and bullion. A man residing in this city visited the State Prison about a month ago for the purpose of pumping Squires in regard to his particular cache. How she made out we never heard.

JOEL B. COFFEY, late Chief Clerk in the Interior Revenue Office, in this city, died at San Diego last week.

General Appearance of Iceland.

Iceland is most easily described by negatives. There are no trees, though apparently there were plenty in the tenth century, when we hear of men hiding among them and being hanged from them. No corn is grown, nor any other crop, except a few turnips and potatoes which taste only half-ripe. The only wild quadrupeds are the blue fox (who has probably come, as the white bear now and then does, on ice-floes from Greenland) and the reindeer—the latter introduced about a year ago, and still uncommon, ranging over the desert mountains. There is no town except the capital, a city of 1,800 people, no other place deserving to be called even a village, unless it be the hamlet of Akureyri, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, with some fifty houses; no inns (save one in that village, whose resources consist of two beds, a single jug and basin, and a billiard-table), no hens, ducks, or geese (except wild geese), no pigs, no donkeys, no roads, no carriages, no shops, no manufactures, no army, navy, volunteers, or other guardians of public order (except one policeman in Reykjavik), no criminals, only two lawyers, and finally, no snakes. What, then, is there? Snow mountains, glaciers, hot springs, volcanoes, earthquakes, northern lights, ravens, mooses, and above all, deserts.

Or, rather, there is the Desert! For Iceland—this is the point which none of the books of travel bring out—Iceland is really one vast desert, fringed by a belt of pasture land, which lies along the more level parts of the coast, and here and there runs up the valleys of the great rivers into the interior. And a desert in Iceland does not mean merely a land waste and solitary, such as large parts of Scotland and Ireland have become, (especially since deer forests grew to be so profitable,) but land that has always been and will always be desolate—land bare and drear, treeless, shrubless, and grassless, where not a sheep or pony can browse, and where, by consequence, man can never plant his dwelling. This great central space is part is occupied by glaciers and snow-fields. One tremendous mass, out of which the highest peaks of the island rise, covers an area of some 4,000 square miles, has never been crossed and never will be. The mountains are not very high; but the level of perpetual snow is only some 3,000 feet above the sea, and the larger glaciers descend almost to the sea level. Other parts are filled by volcanic mountains, surrounded by fields of rugged lava, sometimes, like the great Odna Hraun, spreading over hundreds of miles, and not only barren but waterless. The rest is an unending waste of black volcanic sand and pebbles, or perhaps, what is most dismal of all, an expanse of bare earth strewn with loose blocks of stone, from among which no herb springs, over which the nimble pony can hardly pick its way. On the lava field is one may have at least shrubs of dwarf-birch and willow, nestling, with a few tiny ferns, in the chinks and hollows of the mouldering rock, but on these stony wastes all is desolation—not a flower, not an insect, not a bird, except the sombre raven, Odin's companion, at least of all a sign of human presence. A far less imaginative people than the Icelanders might easily have peopled such a wilderness with trolls and demons.

Round the north and western coasts, and in some of the broad river valleys of the north-east and south-western corners of the island, the aspect of nature is less forbidding; for there one finds stretches of pasture land, flower-spangled in the early summer months, with now and then a farm-house, coolly placed upon some sunny slope, the grass hillocks of its turf all round, and a bright stream murmuring below. Yet even in these more favored regions a great deal of the surface is covered with dreary bog, and the land shows always a tendency to relapse, so to speak, into a desert. On a sudden, with no apparent provocation, you find yourself on a grassy slope, the grass hillocks of its turf all round, and a bright stream murmuring below. Yet even in these more favored regions a great deal of the surface is covered with dreary bog, and the land shows always a tendency to relapse, so to speak, into a desert. On a sudden, with no apparent provocation, you find yourself on a grassy slope, the grass hillocks of its turf all round, and a bright stream murmuring below. Yet even in these more favored regions a great deal of the surface is covered with dreary bog, and the land shows always a tendency to relapse, so to speak, into a desert. On a sudden, with no apparent provocation, you find yourself on a grassy slope, the grass hillocks of its turf all round, and a bright stream murmuring below.

"Every biter (farm house or city—the same word which applies in England as 'by'—Derby, Grimby) has its ten (town), a small inclosure of carefully mown grass land. The greater part of it is usually covered with hill-locks a foot or eighteen inches high.

Shooting Negroes for Sport.

In a late issue we (*Irish World*) informed our readers of the brutal conduct of the English at Cape Natal, in South Africa, in practicing Negro hunting as a common sport. Later intelligence goes to show that the inhuman pastime is being followed up by the most respectable colonists. A party of English on a recent Negro-hunting expedition, came upon a cave where several Caffres were partaking of their evening meal. They fired several shots into the cave. One of the Caffres fought wildly for his life, but was overcome by the English savages outside of the cave. One of the sportsmen describes the sport thus: "He fought a long time after the large stone was rolled away from the mouth of the cave. Then he said to those in the inside: 'Let us all go out, and fight for our lives.' We said: 'If you come out, you will be killed.' 'Never mind,' he said, 'I will come out all the same.' He did come out, but in an instant was riddled with bullets. We all agreed that it would be more charitable to kill the others than to let them live. No one cared to examine the body. They would have to wait until there was no four inches of whole skin on his body."

What a travesty of civilization! Such wanton cruelty could not be surpassed by the most uncivilized savages. Even the wild beasts of the forest, unless when provoked by hunger, do not exhibit a more brutal instinct than those Englishmen. And yet, these people count on Christianity and reverence about civilization. The cause of Christianity may expect but little assistance from the brutes who are unsurpassed even by the aboriginal Javanees in their conceptions of wickedness.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE PRINTER.—An exchange, just come to hand, contains a pretty little poem, which under the title quotes as introductory the well-known line from "The Deserted Village": "Scene of my youth, where every spot could please"—at least we presume, such was the author's intention. The type, however, burning to add one more laurel to the wreath of fame he has already achieved, has set up:

"Scene of my youth, where every spot could please," We wait the next of these "typical developments" with curiosity.

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Ancient Irish Art

BY R. WILDE

A splendid and valuable addition to our knowledge of Irish art has been made by Mr. Westwood in his recent work entitled "Fac-similes of the miniatures of Anglo-Saxon and Irish manuscripts." All the illustrations have been chromo lithographed, in perfect imitation of the original colors, and the effect of the mingled and glowing tints, blended with gold, making each page to glitter as if with encrusted jewels is gorgeous and beautiful beyond description.

Not more than two hundred copies of this magnificent work have been published, at a cost of £45 each, and the copies are guaranteed to be destroyed. A book so splendid, and of such immense importance to the student of Irish art, while, at the same time, it is destined to be so scarce, is an acquisition of national importance; and we are happy to find that a copy has been purchased for the library of the Royal Irish Academy, where it can be seen and studied by all interested in the wonderful and beautiful details of Celtic art. The volume contains fifty-three magnificent plates of illustrations, including fac-similes from all the principal illuminated Celtic manuscripts of Europe; most of them executed by Mr. Westwood himself with the most scrupulous care; the majority having been made with the assistance of a magnifying glass, so that the work for accuracy, amount of information, and richness of illustration surpasses anything yet published on Celtic art in the United Kingdom, and may claim equality with the grand but enormously expensive work of Count Bastard on the miniatures and ornaments of early French manuscripts.

In a learned and judicious dissertation Mr. Westwood gives his views on the origin and development of Hiberno-Saxon art, and his work, he says, may be considered as the first chapter of the history of the fine arts in these islands from the Roman occupation of Great Britain to the Norman conquest, that is for the first thousand years of the Christian era. In the ornamentation employed by Irish and Saxon artists he finds, as has been already observed by the best antiquaries, Kemble and others, distinctive peculiarities wholly different from Continental art; an *opus Hibernicum* and an *opus Anglicum*, but the Irish the more perfect of the two.

The earliest manuscripts of Greece and Rome show nothing like this distinctive Celtic art; nor the Italian mosaics, nor the wall paintings of Herculaneum or Pompeii, nor the reliefs of the Parthenon, nor the human figure found there; nor does Byzantine art afford any similar types. From whence, then, did the Irish, the acknowledged founders of Celtic art in Europe, derive their ideas of ornamentation? This is one of the historical mysteries which, like the origin of the Round Towers, still awaits solution. One must travel a long way, even to the far East, before finding in the decorative art of the ancient Hindoo temples anything approaching to the typical idea that runs through all Irish ornamentation. It is, however, an incontrovertible fact, and one proved to demonstration by Mr. Westwood's learning, labour, and researches, that at a time when the pictorial art was almost extinct in Italy and Greece, and indeed scarcely existed in other parts of Europe—namely, from the fifth to the eighth century—a style of art had been originated, cultivated and brought to a most marvellous state of perfection in Ireland absolutely distinct from that of any other part of this civilized world; and which being carried abroad by Irish and Saxon missionaries was adopted and imitated in the schools of Charlemagne, and in all the great schools and monasteries founded by them upon the Continent.

In the middle of the ninth century the influence of the artists of Germany rested on the productions of England, and in consequence of the more frequent communications of learned men with Rome, classical models began to be adopted, floral decorations were introduced, and figures in the Byzantine style. With these the Irish ornamentation was combined, principally in the framework of the design. Then it gradually disappeared from England, where it was replaced by Franco-Saxon and Teutonic art; so that after the tenth century Mr. Westwood says he has not found any Anglo-Saxon manuscript executed in the Lindisfarne or Irish style. But it remained for several centuries longer in use in Ireland, though the ornamental details exhibit little of the extreme delicacy of the earlier production. With reference to these, Mr. Digby Wyatt, the accomplished artist, observes that in delicacy of handling and minute but faultless execution the whole range of paleography offers nothing comparable to the early Irish manuscripts, especially "The Book of Kells," the most marvellous of them all. One cannot wonder, therefore, that Giraldus Cambrensis, when over here in the reign of Henry II., on being shown an illuminated Irish manuscript, exclaimed, "This is more like the work of angels than of men!"

The peculiarities which characterize true Celtic art, whether in stone, metal work, or manuscript illumination, consist in the excessive and elaborate elaborations of intricate ornamental details, such as the spirals, the interlaced ribbons and the entwined serpents and other animal forms, so familiar to students of our national art treasures in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. These forms are invariably found in all Irish decoration. The initial letters and ornamentations of the ancient manuscripts are reproductions in the gigantic style of the more delicate metal work of the shrines and reliquaries; and from this identity of ornamentation the age can be determined of all the monuments or remains, and objects readily classified as contemporaneous. The Irish adhered with wonderful fidelity to their peculiar art ideas for at least eight hundred years; and while the Saxons coquetted with Frankish art, and finally gave themselves up wholly to Norman influence, the Irish continued their exclusive devotion to the ancient and national Celtic type. Intensely national, indeed, were these early artists; they gave ideas to the world, but received none in exchange. In their pictures Celtic art appears as an Irish warrior, and David bears an Irish harp in his hands; while our Lord himself, in one of the Irish sculptures, is represented wearing the Irish dress. When the nation fell under Norman sway in the twelfth century Norman ideas naturally became triumphant; but everything that is most beautiful and interesting in antique Irish art belongs to the pre-Norman period—the gold ornaments, the gorgeous manuscripts, such as the Gospels of Durrow and of Kells; the grandest of the sculptured crosses, Cormac's Chancel, that architectural gem of western Europe; the richly decorated shrines, such as that of St. Monaghan, the most important ancient shrine in existence in these islands. Mr. Westwood says, and especially interesting to us Irish from the recorded fact that it was covered with pure gold by Roderick O'Connor, the last King of Ireland, and was as the Annals state, the most beautiful piece of art ever made in Erin. All these evidences of high cultivation and artistic

skill were in existence long before the Norman adventurer set foot on our shores. Irish art, however, died out with Irish Nationality, and in two centuries or so, after the Norman Conquest, it ceased to exist, and was replaced by pseudo-Roman or Irish Romanesque style. Irish art can be easily traced throughout the Continent by the peculiar ornamentation which characterized it; and wherever, amongst the early manuscripts in foreign libraries, one is found surpassing all the rest in singular beauty and firmness of the writing, and exquisite delicacy of the minute and elaborate illuminations, there at once an Irish hand is recognised as the worker, or an Irish intellect as the teacher. The same symbols and ideas run through all of them—there are the same strange, elongated, contorted, interlaced figures; the same rich mosaics of interlaced lines—so minute, so delicate, so rich in brilliant colors, that the border of the page seems powdered with crushed jewels. There is something almost melancholy in this devotion to a species of art in which there was nothing to stimulate the feelings or to warm the heart. No representations of Nature's glories in tree or flower, or the splendor of human beauty; the artist's aim being rather, it would seem, to kill the human in him, by forcing his genius to work only on cold abstractions of spirals and curves, an endless geometrical involutions, and the infinite monotony of those interlaced lines, still coiling on, for ever and ever, through the centuries, like windings of the serpent of evil, which they have been meant to symbolise, through the successive generations of our fated humanity. Truly, these artists offered up the sacrifice of love. Their lives and the labour of their lives were given humbly, silently, reverently, to God, and the glory of God's Word. They had no other aim in life, and when the work was done, a work so beautiful that even the world's gaze would be attracted to it, there was no vainglorious boast of himself came from the lips of the artist worker, but the manuscript tends with some simple devotional words, and the desire to be remembered as the writer, like the *oratio pro me* on the ancient tombstones; and this was all he asked or hoped for in return for the years of youth and life he had sacrificed in the illuminated pages of the Gospels. For in those early ages art had no existence save in union with religion. Humanity brought together all its most precious ornaments to pour upon the feet of Jesus. In Ireland especially—the Island of Saints—whatever genius could devise or the hand of the artist could execute was lavished upon some work that would recall the presence of God to the people, stimulate the faith, and make known His word; upon the Psalters, the Gospels, the Crosses, the costly shrines, the jeweled cases for a saint's relics, the golden covers for the holy books. But nothing of that period has come down to us that shows a luxury in domestic life. The Word of God was shrouded in gold, made rich with gems and enamels, but the people lived their old simple life in their rude huts; and even the Kings gave their wealth, not to erect palaces but to build churches, to endow abbots, to help the cause of God and speed the holy men who were his ministers, in their crusade against evil, ignorance, and darkness.

(To be continued)

The Liquor Dealers in Council.

The Local Option agitation has thoroughly alarmed the liquor trade of the city and organizations to resist the No-Licenses are threatened. It seems to be agreed that even in this city a tough fight will be waged, and that unless the wholesale dealers, the saloon keepers and the grocers unite their forces and exert themselves energetically the prohibitionists may gain a victory as decisive as that at Oakland. Meetings are being held daily by the Executive Committee of the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, of which David Porter is President, and a levy of \$100 about each hundred members, and a levy of \$100 each has been made upon them to supply funds for the war. At a council of the Executive Committee Wednesday afternoon, authority to increase its number by twelve members was given and this afternoon the Committee will discuss the general features of the campaign. An appeal to the courts will be undoubtedly made.

On Wednesday the retail grocers assembled at Horticultural Hall, for the purpose of organizing an association. The meeting was attended by about 300, most of whom were Germans. On motion the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this Association pledge themselves not to patronize or deal with any person who is opposed to the objects of this Association, or is in favor of the so-called Option Law.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to keep a black book with a list of names of merchants and prominent men who are working in opposition to the objects of this Association, in order to enable members of this Association to distinguish between their friends and enemies. From this it will be seen that the merchants intend to make a firm stand in defense of their rights.

The London journals refer to an unexplained absence from the city of an Earl, whose name they withhold from publication. The papers state that he was last seen in the House of Lords, on Tuesday, the 2nd instant. The affair causes anxiety and excitement. It seems that the Earl Yarborough is addicted to drink, and that on Tuesday last the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Lords, believing him to be in a worse condition than usual, coaxed him into a private room and left him. Upon the return of the officers to the Room half an hour later, the Earl was gone and has not since been seen. A dispatch from Liverpool says the *Courier* newspaper of that city states that the missing Peer is the Earl Yarborough and that he disappeared a day or two before for six weeks. The police are searching for him.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

CHROMOS, lithographs, engravings, all those thousand and one electric which so embellish a home and add, half unconsciously, so much pleasure to life, can be had of Messrs. Kelly and Co., 1010 Market Street, of the very best kind and at the most moderate prices. An inspection of this magnificent stock will alone amply repay a visit.

SOAP is a very necessary article in this age of progress and civilization. Cleanliness, as the saying goes, is next to Godliness, and Hall and Wagner's soap is better calculated to secure that desirable result than any article we know of. The Factory is at Folsom and Sixteenth Street.

RASCO de Zaldo, and S. S. Murphy have filed their material bonds.

The steamer *Galina* is in the dry dock for repairs.

On Wednesday evening the Caledonian Club prizes were distributed.

In August the new Branch Mint will be finished.

MARKET REPORT.

[From the Commercial Herald.]

[For the week ending Thursday, June 11th.]

FLOUR—The ship *Grande* cleared on the 6th inst. for Liverpool, having loaded at Valparaiso with 15,750 bbls and 500 qrs of Sarr Mills, and 1,000 bbls of Sarr Mills—say 500 qrs of Sarr Mills, and 1,000 bbls of Sarr Mills. Our total exports of Flour to Great Britain since September last aggregate 450,000 bbls, showing a very considerable and important increase in this trade. Oregon has also done something in the way of making direct shipments to the United Kingdom, with the promise of a large increase in the future. We have exported to all points since July 1st, 1873, a total of 625,000 bbls, against 252,000 bbls for a like period the year previous. This is a very encouraging exhibit for our millers, and should encourage them to do all in their power to keep up their high standard of excellence. We have no sales of flour to record. The bulk of the export trade being about as usual for the season. We quote Oregon Extra at \$3.25 for round lots to exporters. California Supreme for export may be quoted at \$4.00; 75; Extra, \$3.50; 75; Baker's and Family, Extra, \$3.50; 75; 100 bbls. The best California silk-dressed from the Golden Age and Golden Gate Mills is jobbing at \$5.75 bbl.

BARLEY—The first of the new crop, 51 sks, arrived here on the 9th inst., per steamer from San Pedro, and sold at \$1.45. Other parcels of new are near at hand. The price a year ago was on June 24, at \$1.18; 1872, June 21st, 1873, June 18th, 1874, June 17th, 1875, June 16th, 1876, June 15th, 1877, June 14th, 1878, June 13th, 1879, June 12th, 1880, June 11th, 1881, June 10th, 1882, June 9th, 1883, June 8th, 1884, June 7th, 1885, June 6th, 1886, June 5th, 1887, June 4th, 1888, June 3rd, 1889, June 2nd, 1890, June 1st, 1891, June 31st, 1892, June 30th, 1893, June 29th, 1894, June 28th, 1895, June 27th, 1896, June 26th, 1897, June 25th, 1898, June 24th, 1899, June 23rd, 1900, June 22nd, 1901, June 21st, 1902, June 20th, 1903, June 19th, 1904, June 18th, 1905, June 17th, 1906, June 16th, 1907, June 15th, 1908, June 14th, 1909, June 13th, 1910, June 12th, 1911, June 11th, 1912, June 10th, 1913, June 9th, 1914, June 8th, 1915, June 7th, 1916, June 6th, 1917, June 5th, 1918, June 4th, 1919, June 3rd, 1920, June 2nd, 1921, June 1st, 1922, June 31st, 1923, June 30th, 1924, June 29th, 1925, June 28th, 1926, June 27th, 1927, June 26th, 1928, June 25th, 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